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SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1903.

Daily Calendar of American History

November 21.

1789—North Carolina ratifies the Constitution.

1806—Napoleon issues the Berlin Decree.

1892—Continental Congress of the Salvation Army opened in New York.

Artful Dodging.

Commissioner Macfarland and Health Officer Woodward.

When The Times, on the 13th of last July, exposed the use of the Commissioners' annual report by Health Officer Woodward in boomeranging a private speculative concern in which he was a director and member of the executive board, and circulating it under the Commissioners' frank, Commissioner Macfarland said: "I would rather not place myself on record, for the reason that if I condoned the scheme I might bring down criticism on the heads of the Commissioners, and if I opposed it I would be reflecting unfavorably upon my predecessor in office. Were a similar occasion to arise now I would give the matter careful consideration and act accordingly." As it is such a gross violation of all official proprieties required a considerable exercise of brain power!

The day after this excuse for expressing no opinion upon this unprecedented use of a District report to boom private interests, it was decided, by the help of the other Commissioners, that the Health Officer must be called to account. Shortly after, as if to assure him that this was merely a perfunctory matter, he was designated by Commissioner Macfarland as chairman of a committee to investigate every other branch of the District government.

Now that the Health Officer, after more than four months' delay in responding to the call on him for an explanation, presents one that does not explain, Commissioner Macfarland points out that he had advised him to delay preparing his statement until now—presumably upon the theory that the public might forget. It also appears by Commissioner Macfarland's statement that the only intention of the call for an explanation was that it might "be deposited in the files of this office." How likable and bland! What expert dodging! What an exalted opinion of the people of the District is thus revealed! Any chaff for them, poor souls! Truly, this is dignified dealing with our citizens! First, to publicly announce a stern demand for explanation of a flagrant use of office for private gain. Next, to quietly inform the offender that he need not hurry about it, and that the only intention was to "deposit it in the files."

The people of the District may not want a new form of government, but it is very certain that a large majority of them would be delighted with some changes in the present administration of District affairs under the present form. Indeed, it is not too much to say that they appear to be entitled to a change of this nature.

Our Export Trade.

Failure of Our Merchants to Suit Their Manufactures to the Demand.

Complaint is made, and with reason, that the American export trade to South American countries is not as large as it would be if American manufacturers took more pains to suit their exports to the needs of the people. Of course, the pig-headed manufacturer suffers more than anybody else from this, but indirectly, not only the countries which might buy our goods, but the American workmen who make them, suffer also. With our facilities for manufacturing the things which South America, in particular, requires, there is no reason why large revenues should not be derived from trade with these countries.

There are two things in the way of this happy development. One is that the American manufacturer regards foreign countries not of the first grade of political power as a sort of poor relation country, the people of which should be satisfied with a rummage sale. He bends his energies not toward finding out what they want

and manufacturing that kind of goods, but toward convincing them that they want what he has to sell. Sometimes he succeeds. Human nature is prone to buy new things merely as an experiment. But human nature is sensible to a certain degree, and it is more prone to buy new things if they happen to meet a real need.

The other thing in the way of extending our trade with these countries is carelessness in packing. It is reported that furniture shipped to South America from this country arrives in the form of kindling wood, while that which comes from France and Germany is intact. Of course, if the furniture-makers of this land want to make expensive kindling wood for the inhabitants of South American republics, there is no law against their doing it, but it seems as if there would be more sense in their putting a little extra care into packing the furniture.

There is altogether too much of that sort of American business enterprise which consists in making a great quantity of ugly and flimsy things and forcing people to buy them when they really want something different. It no doubt indicates great business ability in a commercial traveler, when he induces a possible customer to invest in something against his will, but it would indicate more of that quality, as well as more sound sense and far-sightedness, if he found out what the man really wanted and gave him a particularly good quality of that one thing. In short, the commercial genius which is the long run of real benefit to the country, and to the manufacturer as well, is not the kind which forces people to waste their money. We do not need any more decorated cooking stoves, and ugly carpets made of shoddy, and soap dishes ornamented with wreaths of impossible flowers; we do need good, substantial household furniture of artistic design, which will last at least until there is money to buy some more. As things are now, there is altogether too much of that sort of household stuff which a young couple buy at the time of their wedding, and have to replace before their second wedding anniversary comes around.

The Voucher Case Again.

A Little Wholesome Sunlight Is What Is Wanted.

To the Editor of The Washington Times: You are making, it seems to me, a great deal of unnecessary noise over this voucher case. Wasn't the money due the photographer who did the work? Is there any ground for believing that the work was not done satisfactorily? And, though the transaction was manifestly irregular, is it not true that no one was defrauded of a cent?

This being the case, why don't you stop tearing your hair and denouncing as an outrage what seems to me a case where the end justified the means?

Our correspondent, we dare say, represents a sentiment which may, or may not, be general. For the honor of the community we hope it is not shared by anyone except the members of the grand jury who failed to take cognizance of the matter.

The excuse that a crime is "only a little one," is, of course, no excuse at all. It matters not—or it should not matter, at any rate—whether the amount involved is \$600, or \$6,000, or \$60,000. We said this yesterday. We repeat it now. And anyone morally so obtuse as not to see this is past arguing with. He should be sent to an infirmary for the straightening out of his moral backbone.

A voucher is designed to disclose the true nature of a transaction. If it does not do this, we might as well do without it. There isn't a business man in this city who could hope to be successful in maintaining a reputation for honesty if he were to adopt the methods employed in this case for paying the Johnston claim. For, let us be plain, not only was a deliberate scheme laid to fish from the school funds of the city, in order to pay a claim which the Comptroller had declared could not be paid except through a deficiency appropriation, but a reputable dealer was inveigled, by representations, more or less misleading, into becoming part and parcel of a conspiracy the success of which depended upon the commission of the crime of perjury. That's plain talk, perhaps, but we think it's called for.

There's another feature of this business to which we drew attention last summer, but as to which no explanation whatever has been vouchsafed in any quarter. We refer to the fact that Miss Johnston's bill called for \$526, and that the money paid out by the District amounted to \$600. What became of the difference? Somebody must have got it. Who was it? Is it so just here that the African lurks in the wood pile? May not this account for the mysterious but frantic effort to smother further inquiry? Must some one be shielded, must something be concealed? And if so, whose influence is it that reaches the District Attorney's

office and penetrates the confines of the grand jury room?

The Times is against dark lantern methods, now and all the time. Let us have a little wholesome sunlight thrown upon this transaction, and, if necessary, let us fumigate the premises.

The Horse Show.

The Good It Does the Horses and the Amusement It Gives the People.

The progress of the Horse Show annually affords the American public much entertainment; with what the accounts of the horses, the accounts of the gowns, and the fun which is poked at the whole exhibition for the benefit of those who never get a chance to see it. It is no doubt slightly ridiculous for a large number of wealthy people to put on their most gorgeous raiment and go and sit in boxes, apparently for the express purpose of being stared at, while the horse, the ostensible object of attention, is hardly noticed by the average spectator. But, after all, it is a very innocent amusement.

The only real harm is probably done by the dressmakers and milliners who are said to constitute a large part of the crowd, and who are there for the purpose of taking home to Harlem and Jersey City the ideas of the costumes worn by the wives of millionaires. When a woman with an income which ought naturally to clothe her in muslin, wool, and an occasional silk gown, is so influenced by the reports of the gowns worn by richer women that she blooms forth in chiffon and imitation lace, in a shoddy copy of the fashion of the four hundred, there is reason for protest. That sort of thing is not only absurd, but dreadful.

The Horse Show, however, cannot be condemned on the ground of cruelty to animals, for it does nothing to the horses but to improve the breed, and they are not worrying over the fact that a lot of unintellectual people are more interested in clothes than in them. It cannot be condemned on the ground of being a public nuisance, for to the general public it is a joy. There have always been shows of this kind, for the benefit of people who wanted to show off their fine feathers and other people who wanted to see them, and they have never, probably, been taken more seriously than they deserved. Let the Horse Show flourish. It is a Great American Institution.

Mr. Quid has been sued by his stenographer, to whom he promised to be a father, so she says. When a man goes hunting for trouble to adopt, he should let it stay adopted if he does not want a different kind.

The "New York Journal" says there is no genuine brain fax in New York; it is simulated by absence of brains. The "Journal" ought to know.

There may be people who will protest if the Wood discussion takes place behind closed doors, but it should be remembered that this is winter weather and that no Senator wants to get cold feet.

Panama may be a country, but from the way it looks on the map one would think the people would have to walk on it lengthwise to be sure it was anything but a bridge.

Mr. Hanna may not be an expert on military affairs, but he has not shown the slightest reluctance to go on the warpath after General Wood's scalp.

There are said to be nine goats in the District of Columbia; four-legged ones, that is.

The doorkeepers at the Capitol are said to have looked blank when they heard Mrs. Nation was coming. Perhaps that was their polite way of indicating that there ought to be a blank before that nation.

If things continue this way, South America will begin to put up canned revolutions for winter use.

Put Upon "Uncle Joe."

Now that Joseph Cannon is Speaker of the House of Representatives, it is no more than right that a few anecdotes regarding him be manufactured and printed. The following story has a good many advantages over the average story of a great man. Most of those yarns leave you in a state of doubt as to whether they are true. There need be no doubt whatever regarding this one, as it is guaranteed to be manufactured out of whole cloth. Cannon never heard the story himself, which will make it all the more interesting to him:

"Yes," said Mr. Cannon when he had commented favorably upon the brevity of a certain Congressman's speech in all his speeches, "I knew just one man who could be briefer than he. He lived out in Illinois before the war, and afterward drifted to the wilder West. A local firm with a reputation for stinginess and nose-grinding knew of the man's reputation as a hard worker, so they found his address, wired him to come, and in a few days the man was installed as bookkeeper, shipping clerk, time-keeper, paymaster, buyer, cashier, bill clerk, and some other things.

"The work piled up, of course. The man wallowed through it one day, and on the morning of the next, after looking at his mail, threw up the job and told his employers what he thought of them. Before he had time to resign, however, they peremptorily discharged him.

"The fellow left, and a few days afterward he showed me his diary, with the following entries:

"June 15, admitted.
"June 15, admitted.
"June 15, admitted.
"June 15, admitted.
"June 15, admitted.
"June 15, admitted.
"June 15, admitted.
"June 15, admitted.
"June 15, admitted.
"June 15, admitted."

Questions and Answers

Pope Leo XIII.

Where was Pope Leo XIII. born, and what was his family name?
Joseph Pecci, afterward Pope Leo XIII., was born at Carpineto, Italy, March 2, 1810.

The Supreme Court.

Who is the oldest justice of the United States Supreme Court?
Chief Justice Fuller. He was born February 11, 1833.

Girls as Messengers.

I have recently noticed that the telegraph companies in some cities are employing girls and women as messengers. Is this done in Washington?
A. B. Y.

It is not. Both the companies employ boys.

No Charge Is Made.

I expect to visit Washington in a few weeks, and would like to know if sightseers have to pay a fee to enter the Washington Monument?
WALLACE.

No fee is charged.

An Early Hotel.

Was there a hotel on the site of the present Metropolitan Hotel called the Indian Chief?
H. C. B.

No. The original hotel was called the Indian Queen.

The Court of Claims.

Please give me the names of the judges of the Court of Claims.
ROBERT J.

Chief Justice C. C. Norton and Judges Lawrence W. Loomis, Stanton J. Peelle, Charles B. Howry, and Francis M. Wright.

Robert Emmet.

Kindly give me the date of the birth and death of Robert Emmet, the Irish patriot. Also, any other information concerning him you may find convenient.
ERIN.

Robert Emmet was born in Dublin in 1778, and was hanged there on September 20, 1803. He was an Irish revolutionist, and, like his brother, a leader of the United Irishmen. In July, 1803, he put himself at the head of an unsuccessful uprising in Dublin. He escaped to the Wicklow mountains, but returned to take leave of his affianced wife, Sarah Curran, with the result that he was captured and hanged. His attachment to Miss Curran is celebrated in Moore's famous poem, "She Is Fairer Than the Land Where Her Young Hero Sleeps."

Early's Raid.

What organized bodies defended Washington city when General Early was making his famous raid in Maryland and tried to capture the city in July, 1864? Please oblige.
W. J. L.

Ben Perley Poore in his "Reminiscences" says: "General Lee, wishing to force General Grant back to the defense of Washington, ordered a corps under General Early to attack the Union Capital, which was thought to be guarded only by a few regiments of heavy artillery and by a home brigade of quarter-master General Meigs. On the 12th of July, 1864, the advance guard of the Confederates, commanded by General Brockbridge, came within the defenses of Washington, where they were met by the Sixth Corps under General Wright, and after a few volleys had been exchanged they retreated and hurriedly recrossed the Potomac."

In a Lighter Vein.

Thus Saith Ye Cobler of Rye.
Hediate I couldn't.
If w' me ye choose to be Stoodle,
To promote ye General Good.
Of General Wood.
General Wood I wouldn't.
—Egmont in New York Sun.

No Choice of Shoulder.

"Jane, you vex me dreadfully. When that very rich Mr. Slightum tried to talk to you last night you gave him the cold shoulder."
"Well, the other shoulder was no warmer, ma."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

An Old Bureau.

"Where will I get a marriage license?" asked a young man in the City Hall.
"You might try the Bureau of Encumbrances," replied the man with the bald head, as he passed on.—Yonkers Statesman.

Making Home Happy.

"The old, old story," exclaimed the husband, with a long-drawn sigh, as he laid down his paper. "Another man committed suicide because his home was unhappy."
"And did that make his home any happier?" asked his wife. "Or doesn't the paper say?"
Kennebec Journal.

The Wisdom of Years.

Tommy—When you want to call a person selfish, you always say he's looking out for Number One, don't you?
Pa—Unless you're speaking of a widow, my son. She's looking out for Number Two.—Philadelphia Press.

Practical Wisdom.

Of advice so freely offered:
This you'll find is far from worst:
When you'd call a man a liar,
Always take his measure first.
—Baltimore American.

Not a "Parachutist."

"Did you hear about the game worked on before in the skydiver's morning? Some sleek chap walked in and told Barker if he'd give him an umbrella he'd go up to the roof and come down holding onto the handle."
"Did he?"
"Yes; he came down in the elevator, and I guess he's holding on to the handle yet."—Philadelphia Record.

Competition the Life of Trade.

Emeline—Sara is my greatest consolation in life.
Elizabeth—Why?
Emeline—Everybody says she talks more than I do.—Detroit Free Press.

New Kind of Speculation.

"If the question of population is a matter of such importance as it seems to be from the discussions I hear," he remarked, "I should think the government would take a census every year."
"Oh, dear, no," he replied. "Why, that would deprive us of the fun of speculating as to our growth."—Chicago Post.

Sonnet of Schoolboy.

That spindly-shanked professor from upstairs,
Who wears a eyeglass 'an' talks through his nose.
An' spouts tall collars 'an' some flashy clo'es,
An' tries to be so chummy 'erewhile,
Come in our room today, I saw him wink
At teacher when he thought no one would see.
I watched 'em when I went to get a drink,
An' he smiled back at him as sweet's could be.

I wonder if she'll ever marry him?
I bet she wouldn't if he saw how mad
She gets when all his kids are actin' bad.
An' when her temper's ticked an' out o' trim!
But if she does, I'll bet, when she is cross,
An' they mix up, that she will be the boss!
—Los Angeles Times.

Courts and Capitals

Of the Old World

By THE MARQUISE DE FONTENAY.

Suppression of "La Citta Morta."

King Edward's censor of plays, George A. Redford, has again brought down a perfect storm of abuse upon his head by prohibiting the production of Gabriele d'Annunzio's "La Citta Morta" upon the English stage. This is one of the best Italian writer's masterpieces, which the American public has been familiarized by Leonora Duse, and Mr. Redford's prohibition thereof is on a line with his barring of Mother's play "Monna Vanna," and "The Ghosts," the latter being one of the most profoundly moral pieces ever produced on any stage.

At the same time he does not hesitate to license by the dozen the most objectionable of farces and unsavory musical comedies. One of the former, adapted from the French by Augustus Moore, and entitled "The Giddy Goats," was found after having duly passed the censor, when performed at the rehearsal, to be so questionable in certain passages, that the latter were cut out by the playwright himself in conjunction with the management.

Censorship Useless.

Of course, it is impossible to attach any weight to the authority of an expert who sanctions scenes which the playwright himself subsequently feels to be unrepresentable, and the opinion is expressed that since the censor has been set upon his head, and that he will have much ado in future to "save his skin."

The "London Morning Post," the "Chronicle," and the various weekly papers such as the "Outlook," the "Spectator," and the "Saturday Review," which denounce the existence of censorship as an anachronism that should be abolished, are manifestly aware that it is a prerogative of the sovereign, and that King Edward is far too busy reviving those prerogatives of the throne that have fallen into disuse to dream of surrendering others which are still public stage in the United Kingdom, and that King Edward is far too busy reviving those prerogatives of the throne that have fallen into disuse to dream of surrendering others which are still public stage in the United Kingdom, and that King Edward is far too busy reviving those prerogatives of the throne that have fallen into disuse to dream of surrendering others which are still public stage in the United Kingdom.

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The censorship of the stage in England is vested in the sovereign by act of Parliament, the passage of which, though both houses of the national legislature was obtained in 1737 by Sir Robert Walpole, who suffered greatly from the ridicule of playwrights. By the terms of this act, which is still in force, no play can be produced on the public stage in the United Kingdom until it has been specifically licensed by the crown in the person of the lord chamberlain, who only grants the license after the piece in question has been duly read and approved by one of his subordinates. It is the duty of the examiner of plays.

The present examiner is George Alexander Redford, who receives a salary of \$5,000 from the civil list, ranks as a member of the King's household, and is allowed to charge a fee of \$10 for every play which he reads, no matter whether he approves of it or gives an unfavorable verdict. That is to say, Mr. Redford, in the name of the lord chamberlain, or rather, I should say, in that of the King, has the right to prevent the production in public in Great Britain and Ireland of any play whatsoever to which he may take an objection by merely declining to license it. He is not called to give any reason for his action. It depends altogether upon his taste and caprice, or upon the good will of his superior, the lord chamberlain. Should either the latter or Mr. Redford take any unreasonable dislike for a particular playwright, it is within his power to absolutely bar the man's works from production on any stage of the United Kingdom, and the unfortunate scribe has no redress whatsoever.

Of course, the censorship of the drama is an anachronism, which ought to be abolished as out of keeping with the spirit of the present day. But so any other of the monarchical prerogatives in the Old World, and they bid fair to remain in force for many a long year to come.

Menelik a Abolitionist.

Emperor Menelik, who claims to be the most blue-blooded of the monarchs of the Old World by reason of his alleged descent in a direct line from King Solomon of Israel and the Queen of Sheba, has just issued a decree, imposing the most severe and rigorous penalties for anyone found buying or selling slaves in Abyssinia. He is bent upon abolishing slavery altogether in his dominions, and when one takes into consideration the fact that slavery of one kind or another still exists, not only in the realm of the Turk, but in the Egyptian Khedive, of the Shah of Persia, the King of Siam, and the Emperor of China, but even in the feudatory states of British India, in the Congo Free State, ruled by King Leopold, in Zanzibar, which is vassal to Great Britain, and in the colonial dependencies of France, Germany, and Portugal, in Africa, it must be admitted that Emperor Menelik deserves a great deal of credit for his humanity and progressiveness in honestly endeavoring to suppress the most wicked of all traffic that in human beings.

Menelik is a far more enlightened ruler than is generally believed, and has but little in common with his ferocious predecessor, Emperor John, who was wont to slice off the noses of those who refused to cut off the lips of those found smoking, and to brand crosses in the hand of every Mohammedan who fell into his clutches, just by way of converting him into a Christian.

It is timely to call attention to these good points of Menelik in view of the mission which the United States Government has just dispatched to his court under the direction of its consul general at Marseilles.

A good deal of speculation has been created by the sending of this mission at this juncture. Its object will, perhaps be better understood when I mention the fact that although England has been spending much money and human life in endeavoring to open up Somaliland to commerce and industry, she has derived no benefit whatsoever there-

from, owing to the circumstance that the Americans have already stepped in and captured for themselves the entire Somaliland trade. Among the staple products of Somaliland are the very finest woolen fleeces in the world. Not only these fleeces, but the wool itself, all come to this country. The United States now proposes to secure the Abyssinian trade in the same manner.

The Historic Mole.

Inasmuch as the fur of the mole has by the decrees of fashion become all the rage this winter it may not be amiss to recall the fact that there was a time when the mole constituted the favorite toast of a large and influential element of the aristocracy, titled and untitled, in Great Britain and Ireland. It was in the early part of the eighteenth century, when King William III. survived "Of Orange," was laid on his deathbed by a fall from his horse, resulting from the latter putting his foot into a molehole out in Richmond Park and precipitating his rider to the ground. For more than fifty years afterward there was rarely a dinner that took place among the adherents of the old Stuart cause at which bumpers were not drunk "to the little gentleman in black velvet who did such good service in 1702," the "little gentleman" in question being, of course, the mole.

This is, so far as I know, the only instance of the mole figuring in history. But he is an interesting little fellow, despite the dark suspicion of ghouliness which clings to him, and which attaches to the wife of Hugh Watt, the millionaire co-respondent in the case, who formerly represented Glasgow in parliament. The Beauchamp divorce resulted in Mrs. Watt likewise obtaining a dissolution of her marriage, and her completion of her divorce, which has been made absolute, that has made it possible for Hugh Watt to marry Lady Violet. She is the only daughter of the late Earl of Roden, and has during the last few months been much before the public in connection with her proceedings for slander brought against her by the now divorced Mrs. Watt.

A New Pie Problem.

The New York papers have reported that owing to the unseasonable heat of a recent Monday 750,000 pies were thrown away by lunch-room keepers in the city of New York. These pies spoiled on the lunch-room keepers' hands, and the pie trust would not take them back.

Pies used to be returnable, but when the pie trust was formed it issued an edict that no pie that was once put into circulation would be taken back. Before that, when pies deteriorated on the lunch-room keepers' hands they were changed for new pies of a later edition. What the pie baker did with spoiled pies is not known. Maybe he broke them up, melted them, and had them recast; but, at any rate, they took them back. But since the bakers have joined the trust it has been different.

Ten thousand lunch-room keepers in Greater New York object to the change. They protest against having the responsibility for the conduct of the pie trust thrust upon them. Not being seventh sons, they cannot tell how many pies they need on a given day, nor what the weather will be, nor whether the pies will keep. Nor can they embalm their left-over pies and so preserve them, for embalmed pies are not good.

It is the irony of the situation that when the weather is warm and pies don't keep less pies are eaten, but the lunch-room keepers can neither dictate nor foresee what the weather will be. They have formed the United Lunch-room Keepers' Association, and propose either to compel the pie trust to take back the impaired pies or to bake for themselves.—Harper's Weekly.

Blind Progress.

That we all are here through struggle, through the fruits our fathers won, Makes us brothers strong and worthy in the course still to be run— Who shall say the end is useless, or the mighty labor done?

Systems still are blown to atoms and the earth will meet its doom, In the eye of all the heavens man is ever in his tomb.

But we see the smallest blossom still outbursting into bloom.

Just alone that man is noble, just alone that he have worth.

Just alone that he shall ripen what was seed in him at birth.

Is a more imperial problem than the end of all the earth.

Human progress still points peaceward and still further from the brute— Let the end be hidden from me, let eternity be mine.

I will struggle on and upward as the flower from the root.

—J. Oppenheim in Youth's Companion.

Thanksgiving Joys.

Tommy Figgian—Paw, what do people be thankful for when the last Thursday in November comes around?

Paw Figgian—Well, the dealers in poultry are glad business is to be brisk for a few days, and dealers in other food commodities such as celery, cranberries, oysters, etc., etc., are ditto, but their joy is as nothing compared to that of the doctors, who know they have started in for their annual harvest from well-to-do patients with bad stomachs. For it is only the people who can afford doctor bills, Tommy, who can afford to have good food to make them ill.

Also there is general rejoicing over the country because the football season ends that day. And if that special season of Congress will only adjourn in the time, the people, regardless of race, color, or p. c., will rise up and sing poems of joy and gratitude. Also, the newspapers are full of the annual herbage of Thanksgiving "ponies" has been had.—Baltimore American.

REFLECTIONS OF A BACHELOR.

The only way to end an argument with a woman is not to begin it.

Pride is the cause of most women's troubles; lack of it is men's.

When you see a couple anxious to be alone it is a sure sign they are not married.

The average man at a comic opera acts like he was bound to laugh at a joke just because he paid \$2 for it.

It is hard to convince a woman that the milkman doesn't know more about the way to make the furnace burn than the man who built it.

—New York Press.